

Go Home by Teenwolfbean

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Billy Hargrove Is Bad at Feelings, Billy Hargrove Lives, Billy Hargrove Needs a Hug, Billy Hargrove Redemption, Billy Hargrove Tries to Be a Better Person, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Crying, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, F/F, First Kiss, Fix-It, Flangst?, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Gay Billy Hargrove, Good Parent Joyce Byers, Hurt Billy Hargrove, Hurt/Comfort, I LOVE STEVE, I hate Billys father, I just love her, I love Billy, Its healthy, M/M, Men Crying, Period-Typical Homophobia, Post-Canon Fix-It, Protective Steve Harrington, Scars, Season/Series 03, She's not really in it, Soft Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington is a Sweetheart, Steve is a bean, i don't know her, joyce is an angel, so am I, the best bean

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

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"A pity sleepover?" Billy's tone was harsher, he tensed up beside him, puffing up like an angry bird.

Steve sighed and shook his head, pulling out his own pack of smokes and lighting one. The small flame lit up in between his hands,

comforting his cold fingers.

“Not everything is about pity, Hargrove.”

“What’s it about then?” Billy turned towards him; his eyes almost hopeful, like he wanted to believe Steve.

Go Home

Author's Note:

- For [Me](#).

This is not beta-read so don't come for me.

My current fav ship. Also, I'm very much ignoring the end of season 3, I do not know that bitch.

Title inspired by the song Go Home by Julien Baker, I kinda feel like it's Billy's song.

Should I make it a series? Maybe

Enjoy

I've been walking again

I go out and forget to tell any of my friends where I'm going

I'm drunk on the side of a road in a ditch when you find me

I wanna go home, I'm sick

There's more whisky than blood in my veins

More tar than air in my lungs

The strung out call I make

Burned out at the edge of the highway

I'm sorry for asking but please come take me home

There was a figure on the bridge, broad shoulders and legs dangling over the edge. The water was dark, deep beneath him, even a small lake seems mystic in the night. The place always made Steve wonder whether unknown creatures could loom below the surface. Tonight, however, Steve's attention was on the person who had taken his usual spot.

He stepped carefully on the trail leading to the bridge, scared of startling the person. He figured it was better to be safe than sorry, given the fact that most people wouldn't be out and about at this hour. Then again, he really shouldn't be one to judge. The person turned their head slightly to take a drag of the smoke they were holding. The moonlight hit their face, and suddenly Steve recognized the person as non-other than Billy Hargrove himself. Billy looked up and to Steve's surprise their eyes met, Steve still a few feet away from him.

"You sneaking up on me, Harrington?" Billy blew out smoke in rings, which made Steve roll his eyes dramatically. "Hard to hide with that hair of yours, no?"

Steve stepped closer and settled himself next to Billy, their thighs just touching.

"Very funny," Steve said sarcastically, "one to talk with that mullet."

The two of them hadn't exactly become best friends, but after everything that had happened the last few months, and with the horrors of Starcourt, they somehow found themselves seeing more of each other.

Steve had stayed with Billy and Max at the suspicious hospital, helping him recover and making sure the strange scientists and doctors didn't kidnap the two or sacrifice Billy to the Upside Down. Who knew what they were up to? Billy had been rather confused when he woke up and clung to Steve for the first few days, which Steve deemed fair given the circumstances.

The first thing he had asked when he woke up, was where his mom was, which had Max crying and Steve more confused than ever. Later, of course, he learned from Max that Billy's mother had left him and his father back in California and she *was not* to be mentioned. Steve vaguely remembered El mentioning that she used the memory of Billy's mother to rid him of the mind flayer, which had to mean that she was of great significance to Billy, but Steve wasn't going to risk certain death by asking him about it.

Generally, they didn't enjoy rummaging around in the painful memories of the past year, but Steve knew that if he pulled Billy's shirt up, a large purple scar was still visible on his chest and belly, reminding him of what had happened.

"What're you doing out here anyway?" Steve asked, stealing the cigarette from the boy beside him.

"I could ask you the same, don't you have ice cream to serve tomorrow?" Billy said, snatching the smoke back before Steve could get a drag.

"Nah, Robin and that Heather girl wanted to work together

tomorrow,” Steve replied shrugging slightly.

“You been seeing a lot of her, haven’t you?”

“What do you care?”

Hargrove didn’t reply, but they instead fell into a somewhat comfortable silence, looking at the lake looming under their sneakers. Stars littered the night sky, only disturbed by a few dark clouds and the occasional bird blocking the view. It was one of the only things Steve appreciated about living outside a big city; the stars weren’t overshadowed by light pollution.

The water shone blue where the moonlight tickled the surface, and the sweet glugging of water against rock made for a calm atmosphere. They both jumped when the bushes behind unwarranted rustled in the wind, and Billy grabbed hard onto Steve’s bicep, panic clear on his face.

“It’s just the wind man,” Steve reassured him, startled by the sudden movement.

“Yeah,” Billy cleared his throat, “just a bit jumpy I guess.”

The boy looked down at his fingers, hands shaking visibly, and Steve couldn’t help but feel awful for him, though Hargrove was known to despise any form of pity and would hate the way Steve was looking at him at that moment.

Steve knew why he was so easily frightened, which was the worst part. Well, being stabbed and legally dead for a few minutes was probably part of it, but he had been like this even before everything went down. It just took Steve a while to understand why; The first time Billy had come to his house, was way before Billy was even in contact with the Upside Down, and he had shown up with a bloody nose and a front tooth in his pocket, asking Steve if he could help him find a good dentist. Steve and Billy hadn't been friendly then, which made it stranger that he would seek out Steve for comfort. However, Steve wasn't going to kick out a beat-up Billy, and they *did* play basketball together, so Steve figured teammates counted for something. The second time he wasn't exactly *hurt*, but he was high as a kite and missing half his precious mullet, which his father had, according to Billy, "*chopped off 'cause boys didn't have hair that long*"

Steve always knew that Billy's dad was a bit of a dick, even before they were forced into each other's lives, but he hadn't realized how bad he abused - and bullied Billy, until the third time he showed up. He had tear streaks down his flushed cheeks and a bare chest with the word *fag* carved into the skin by his clavicle with a razor, and so much spirit in his veins that he vomited on Steve's carpet.

"Iz my daddy, you know," Billy had slurred, laughing, before passing out on the couch. "He doesn't like that you're *pretty*."

Steve had no clue what the last part was about but knowing "morning after" Billy's reaction to questions relating to his father or the abuse or anything remotely personal, really, Steve kept his mouth shut and his wonders to himself. The abuse had of course stopped now, but Steve knew that years of it had left deep cuts within Billy.

Steve padded Billy's shoulder awkwardly resulting in a huff of laughter from him and a not un-fond eye roll.

“You can come back to mine if you want,” Steve whispered into the dark, feeling vulnerable in his request.

“A pity sleepover?” Billy’s tone was harsher, he tensed up beside him, puffing up like an angry bird.

Steve sighed and shook his head, pulling out his own pack of smokes and lighting one. The small flame lit up in between his hands, comforting his cold fingers.

“Not everything is about *pity*, Hargrove.”

“What’s it about then?” Billy turned towards him; his eyes almost hopeful, like he wanted to believe Steve.

“The bestest of friends being friends?” Steve batted his eyelashes and let out a small giggle, earning a smirk from Billy.

“You’re such a dork, man,” Billy answered and punched Steve’s shoulder softly.

“That a yes?”

Steve’s bed was a mess; the pillows stacked up against the wall and the duvet crumbled together at the foot of the bed. Books, magazines,

and a few videotapes took up the entire left side of the bed, and a strange number of single socks were scattered everywhere on top of the madness.

“Sorry,” was all Steve said and made a tired gesture towards the bed.

“No worse than mine.”

The few other times Billy had slept over, he had stayed on the couch downstairs and let himself in if he wasn't too beat up or, in some cases, drunk. Steve was sure he hadn't even seen the room prior to this; only the living room and bathroom where the first aid kit had been waiting for him a few times. He was gone in the morning too, which didn't exactly bother Steve, since he was a terrible cook, and only had cereal for when the kids had a game night at his house. *The kids*, Steve thought to himself, shaking his head, he sounded like a suburban mom of three.

“I like the drawings,” Billy dragged Steve out of his thoughts and gestured towards the walls.

The drawings were mostly of the woods in bright daylight, sun hung in the sky, and the trees filled with fresh green leaves. Steve wasn't an artist exactly, but he did alright after weeks of practice.

“I think it's good to see it in the daylight, you know. Less spooky,” Steve went to his closet to distract himself, pulling out an oversized shirt for Billy.

Steve had begone drawing when Billy was in the hospital to kill time. He had started with horrendous depictions of the leaves and bushes he could spot from the window but had soon picked it up and evolved a bit. He enjoyed looking at the pictures on the walls when his mind was stuffed with imagines of monsters, dark rooms, and a never-ending night.

“It’s nothing, man, it dumb,” Steve muttered, his cheeks heating up from the attention

The blushing occurred around Billy a lot recently. Steve knew he wasn’t only into chicks; thus, it hadn’t surprised him when he found himself attracted to Hargrove when he first met him at school during basketball practice. He was all muscle and blonde hair, which had all the girls swooning for the first few days, but he had soon revealed himself to be, well, a dick.

However, lately, Billy had been kind to him and the kids, apologetic almost. He carried himself with less arrogance, his steps were careful and his face softer. His hair now reached past his shoulders and fell into subtle curls around his sharp jawline, his eyes glassed over like he was somewhere else completely, and his signature doubled denim had been replaced with warm sweaters and comfy t-shirts. Still, his leather jacket and front pocket cigarettes lingered, reminding everyone that he was, despite everything, Billy Hargrove.

Steve felt the hot feeling of attraction return but now accompanied with something else completely; the pang in his chest every time he saw the boy and the tickling in his toes brought forward by Billy’s laughter or touch. It was, to Steve’s horror and joy, a crush blooming.

“Nah, Stevie, I like ‘em,” Billy pursed his lips and sent him a smug wink.

“So you can sleep next to me on the comfy bed,” Steve exclaimed, throwing the shirt at Billy, “or be miserable on the leather couch.”

“The bed it is, then,” Billy replied awkwardly, stripping off his clothes.

They settled into bed, Billy fidgeting around for a while until he seemed to give up, letting out a long sigh. Steve figured he wasn't going to sleep for at least a few hours by the sound of it.

“So what were you really doing out there?” Steve whispered into the dark.

Billy laid beside him, only his outline visible and his quiet breathing to be heard. Tension spread in the air, Steve was frightened he had said something very wrong.

“I go back there sometimes.” Billy turned onto his back, his face pointing at the ceiling above him.

“What do you mean?”

“I don't know, really. Like a dark place, slimy. I think I might've been there when I, you know. And I just couldn't sleep anyway,” Billy's voice was quivering slightly, vulnerable.

Steve turned towards Billy, his eyes large and round in the dark,

trying to find his face.

“When do you go there?”

“When I sleep,” Billy simply replied.

Steve let out a sigh, he knew what Billy meant, he *felt* what Billy meant. The nightmares were nowhere near the true traumas they had faced, the pure dread they profused him with was unbearable. Animalistic screams, blood dripping trees, and Barbara’s frozen cold body were among the sights that stuck with him in the morning.

“I get nightmares, too, not that it’s the same as, like, literally dying.”

Billy sat up beside him and Steve did the same, confused by the sudden action. He reached for the light switch and turned on the nightlight to meet Billy’s blue eyes.

“You okay?” Steve asked, unsure whether he should stay out of it.

“Can I kiss you,” Billy said, swallowing loudly.

Steve was so taken aback that he almost burst into laughter; big bad Billy sat here, in front of him, asking permission to kiss him. Billy who once beat him up. Billy who pierced his ears with dirty needles and was crowned keg king in high school. Billy who had once infuriated him beyond belief. Billy who was sacred too. Billy, he

almost lost.

“Yeah.”

They sat close, Billy’s breath tickled Steve’s chin, and he could see his pupils expanding, making his eyes dark and hungry. They both leaned in, lips meeting in the middle. It was soft, shy; Steve gently moved his lips against Billy’s that were shivering. Billy leaned in further to deepen this kiss and placed a hand on Steve’s waist to pull him closer. Billy let out a whimper that had Steve’s head spinning and his fingers curled into a fist in Billy’s shirt. They both opened their mouths and Steve bit Billy’s lower lip before letting his tongue brush against the other boy’s. Steve’s hands reangled themselves in Billy’s curls and he pulled slightly earning a moan from him.

Steve flipped them over, so he was on top, his chest and belly pressed against Billy’s. Though he had lost muscle mass, Steve could still feel the smoothness of his chest; he let his hands wander, grazing the hairs on Billy’s lower stomach, hard and prickly against his palms. He continued the kiss, his teeth knocking into Billy’s in eagerness. Yet, the spell was soon broken, when Steve felt a strong sob coming from Billy and pulled himself off him in surprise.

“Sorry, that’s really lame,” Billy hiccupped but the crying only worsened

“No – no I’m sorry I shouldn’t have moved so quickly. Was it me? I’m really sorry if it was, I didn’t mea –

“Shut up, Steve,” Billy cut him off, placing his face into his hands, “I miss my mom, is all.”

Steve's eyes grew wide, and his heart slammed against his chest, tears almost spilling from his eyes as well.

"*What,*" he whispered, reaching for Billy's arms, trying to remove his hands to meet his eyes.

"I said it was lame," Billy refused to look at him, tears still overflowing behind his closed lids.

Steve was fucked. He had dealt with drunk Billy, high Billy, angry Billy, tired Billy, and even god damn possessed Billy, but this, this, was unexplored territory, and Steve had no idea what to do. *Well, kissing had been new too, and they did that without much effort*, Steve thought to himself, *though it did end up with Billy sitting there crying.*

"No um, that's okay, I get it," Steve tried, "I miss my mom too sometimes."

Billy snorted and smacked the back of his head against the pillows, re-placing his hands on his face to cover it.

"Yeah, that's not the same," Steve mumbled, taking in a deep breath.

He positioned himself next to Billy on the bed, reaching a hand up to stroke his curls, and the other to run soothing circles across Billy's chest. He didn't know what to say, but Billy's breaths were evening out, so he continued to touch him softly. He turned his head to look

at the boy, behind his hands his wet cheeks were visible, and the dark circles were cut into his skin beneath the eyes, making him look more tired than Steve had ever seen him. His long hair was the least bit greasy, but Steve could still smell his cherry-like shampoo and the lingering scent of cigarette smoke coming from it. He was in Steve's shirt that fit him tightly, even though it was big on Steve, and his silver necklaces peeked out from underneath the fabric. He was exhausted, Steve thought, yet unbelievably gorgeous.

"It's her birthday," Billy muttered, finally looking up at Steve.

"Yeah?" Steve replied, falling into the pools of Billy's eyes.

"Yeah." Billy pressed himself up against Steve, who accepted gratefully, swooping him up into his arms.

"Tell me about her,"

"Well," Billy continued, "she loved the beach."

Steve smiled, pressing his cheek against Billy's forehead, "she wouldn't have liked it here then," he concluded.

"No," Billy chuckled sadly, "she loved me too I think, once. She hated my father."

"I imagine she still does," Steve reassured, lips ghosting against

Billy's face.

"Which one?" Billy questioned, his eyes round and pupils expanding as he stared into Steve's eyes.

"Perhaps both."

They fell silent, their breaths becoming slow and heavy. They grew closer together, Steve's leg sloped over Billy's, his leg hairs prickly yet soft. Their fingers intertwined, and Steve's eyelashes leaving butterfly kisses against Billy's forehead.

"You know, I was a dick to you because you scared the shit out of me," Billy admitted, voice rough from crying.

"You still scare me, " Steve said after a few seconds.

"I do?"

"Yeah, in a good way."

Billy giggled, his chest moving with the sound. There was more to be said, words to be spoken and shouted and whispered against each other's lips, but right now this was enough. They were bodies; to pairs of lungs, two mouths, and bellies breathing against one another, in synch, in pain, and lust. They were something blooming, rising from depths of horror, a chance. They were beautiful.